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DABNEY LANCASTER LANCERY
LONGWOOD COUNTRY
FARMVILLE, VIRGINIA 21051

GYRE



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GYRE

To be a well-favored man is a gift of
fortune: but to write and read comes
by nature.

William Shakespeare

WINTER 1968
LONGWOOD COLLEGE
FARMVILLE, VIRGINIA
VOLUME 4, NUMBER 2
1968-1969



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FROM THE EDITOR

Recently the **Gyre** received an anonymous letter of evaluation. The writer congratulated the staff for the fine collection of short stories, poetry, and art work which appeared in the last issue. However, he also stated that in general the works lack depth or in other words are not thought provoking.

It is unfortunate that the writer found it necessary to withhold his name. He is evidently a very good literary judge since this is precisely the same criticism we have received in the past from both our Associated Collegiate Press and Columbia Scholastic Press Association rating services. Although the **Gyre** consistently has been given a First Class rating by these two services, it has not received the highest, All American, rating chiefly because it lacks depth and a wider range of topics. For this reason, we constantly encourage Longwood students and faculty to submit works for publication expressing their attitudes and feelings concerning any topic.

It is often said that a college literary magazine should be a mirror of the interests of the student body. This is exactly what the **Gyre** is trying to accomplish here at Longwood. If the magazine lacks depth, it is only because the contributions lack depth. The staff gladly accepts any literary or art works students and faculty members wish to submit. We have yet to refuse an entry for consideration. The material is reviewed by the editorial staff, and each literary article is then read by at least six members of the Literary Board before it is decided whether or not a particular work will be used. If not used in the current issue, it is often reconsidered and published in a later one.

I would like to take this opportunity to thank the letter writer for both his praise and criticism and also encourage others, whether students or faculty, to write and let us know what they like or dislike about the magazine. Only by constantly re-evaluating our strengths and weaknesses can we hope to make the **Gyre** more representative of Longwood and a better magazine.

J.C.H.

IN APPRECIATION

John McCrimmon

"Allons enfants de la patrie." Come children of the fatherland. Let us rise in praise of the glories of the Students for a Democratic Society. These young men and women of no little ability have charitably decided to lead us to a more perfect democracy. Let us follow! Is it not crotchety to deny them their chance? Most promising is this new attempt! The S.D.S. clearly states the nature of a proper democracy (anarchy) and the method necessary for its achievement (also anarchy). The end not only justifies the means—the end is the means. Such a simple and straightforward program (or is it a pogrom?) cannot be denied

Alas, there are always a few skeptics. In the end they make the best converts, but they must first be convinced. A closer look at the organization should persuade the most hard-headed. The honorable ladies and gentlemen of social unrest

support the American faith in education. Members must learn to read and write on at least a fourth-grade level. This is essential if they are to comprehend the vast array of advertising put out by all local chapters. Their public demonstrations require both physical and vocal strength, and thus promote good health. Attending such rallies can greatly enhance an individual's vocabulary and his ability to use it for maximum results. There is no discrimination in membership. No one is too stupid, ill-dressed, ill-bathed, or emotionally unstable to join. Freedom of speech is permitted members, though strong social pressures exist to emphasize the loud and the vulgar. No point of view is too liberal to be acceptable. Even bed partners are a matter of changing choice without bureaucratic restriction. Truly no other movement goes to such lengths to be democratic!

S.D.S. is not a partying group. What little free time its members ferret out of busy schedules is spent in self-improvement discussions and in attending classes at our distinguished universities. Has any reformation in history been as serious? I doubt it. In fact, this is one of the movement's great strengths—an unwillingness to laugh, indeed even a refusal to smile. This should be good tonic for those still silly enough to believe that life ought to be fun.



As Capitalists these folk are first rate. Their propaganda is generally published at the expense of other people (the taxpayer); they save enormous amounts on haircuts and hot water bills; they congregate in the streets and university buildings to avoid costly meeting-hall rentals; they almost always talk good citizens (parents) into paying for their room, board, and necessities. Our hats must be doffed to such enterprising youths.

Perhaps most important to the man on the street is the S.D.S. symbol system. All viable societies and social movements must have physical and linguistic symbols for the purpose of identification. Ess Dee Essers have handled both requirements beautifully. The physical symbol is a gesture which is one not to be described in print. However, it has the advantage of getting all members "involved." Several symbolic verbal chants exist, but these also are difficult to reproduce in print because typographers invariably misspell them like this: XXXX or $X\% = \frac{1}{4}Z\#$.

S.D.S. prefers to conduct its own discussions of detailed aims and techniques, so may I refer the inquisitive and interested reader to any local chapter. These are not hard to find. Every large university has one. Good luck to you. You may be as overwhelmed by these proud people as I have been.

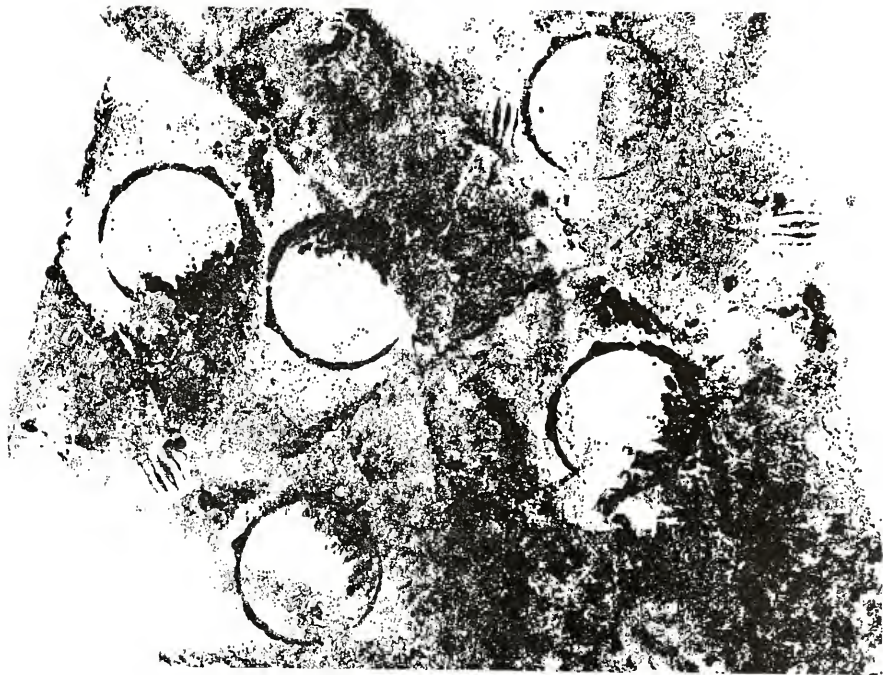
AGE

You come with gnarled hands;
 deforming, crippling, suffering are your cohorts.
You steal that which was once lovely,
 leaving devastation.
The alertness is dulled;
 palsied efforts replace deftness of stroke.
Wrinkles are your handicraft;
 Do you delight in your embroidery?

Forgetfulness, the silent healer of time,
 erases the scars of living
 and creates the fantasy realm of childhood.
Once again the aged cuddle to their dried bosoms
 the tousled head of youth,
 and dance painlessly on distorted feet . . .
Only to wake to the twisted and contorted pain
 of mental crippling.

Yes, Age,
 you may bend the back,
 twist the limbs,
 pluck the sweet bloom of youth;
But,
 you cannot destroy Hope,
 the essence of our existence;
For with Hope as our crutch,
 we labor under the tyranny
 with which you rule.

Emilia Bruce



VILLAGE HILL

Q-U-E-L-I-T-O, Retina. She always had to spell it—not the Retina part, but the last name—and with new teachers she didn't even wait to be asked anymore. At Carwell it was standard procedure.

Carwell was the big, new high school built only two years ago in the Village Hill area of the city. Modern design, air-conditioned classrooms, bright colors, the finest furniture and equipment money could buy: that was Carwell, and you couldn't get much better than that.

You couldn't get much better than Village Hill either. "Village Hill, Village Hill . . ." How magically the words came to Retina's ears! How thoroughly exclusive sounding! Everyone in Pittsmorth knew that Village Hill meant the finest, the elite, the moneyed and the privileged. That's why Carwell just *had* to be Carwell and like nothing ever seen in Pittsmorth higher education before. Village Hill kids go there.

The Quelitos—Mama, Papa, Juan, and Retina—had settled in the Lafayette district of Pittsmorth back in 1955, the year after Retina was born. They had moved there from New York, a Wizard-of-Oz city Retina was always hearing about but could not—even for the sake of a strawberry soda—remember. Lafayette was just about all she knew, and of that the area was limited.

"Retina, you're late! You're lucky the bus hasn't come, gone, and left you!"

"Lafayette," like "Village Hill," meant something: crime, dirt, and dirty poor immigrants. It ran all the way from 1st Street down to 43rd where the railroad tracks and the Cliffs separated it from its snobbish neighbors, the Village Hillers.

Icy winter breath rushed back into Retina's lungs; and, sure enough, a second later—proving she had just made it—the school bus turned on Wilson and 42nd.

"Cramley's geography test today, and I don't . . ."

". . . so they kicked on the 45 with . . ."

"My lunch, I forgot my lunch!"

Retina caught the fragments of conversation which only a load of adolescents at 7:30 A.M. can produce. Retina, however, seldom found the courage to contribute. She usually sat by the window (a window seat available) and watched as the last tenements of Lafayette raced by. 42nd Street, 43rd, the tracks, and up the Cliffs they rumbled.



To be sure, Lafayette had its own Lafayette High—way up on 10th in another school district. She could have—*would* have gone there if the Pittsmorth City Fathers hadn't redrawn the districts only a year ago. Now, everyone down on the lower end from 40th Street up had to go to Carwell.

"Dates a gym teacher from Woodward Junior, and I saw them and . . ."

"So then I said, 'Grease the left axle and see if . . .'"

"The Urals *can't* be in Africa, Miss Cramley, because . . ."

"Won't *somebody* loan me fifty cents for lunch?"

Lafayette High was a superstructure of ancient cubicles welded together by paint-peeling walls all old enough to remember the French and Indian War—or so Mr. Almano in the history department said. You couldn't learn half as much at that place. You have to share the gym with the boys! (Carwell girls giggle at that.)

The bus strained up the Cliffs. Retina waited. Any moment They'd be in Village Hill. Her pulse—she couldn't control it—always quickened at that entrance. Houses, no tenements, real grass and backyards, and frontyards too. She supposed then that, in truth, she was learning more than she ever could at old Lafayette—even *if* her best friends, Maria and Carla, had to go there. Carla loved new fashions; what *she* could learn at Carwell; And Maria, whose desire was to marry a rich man or never marry at all, she would date Carwell boys and get married for sure. Certainly Maria could learn.

The bus made only one Village Hill stop. It was a condescension on the part of Village Hill, of course; but there were only so many busses, and one **had** to understand the sacrifices.

A voice tore into Retina's thoughts, a voice picked up at the Village Hill stop. "I said move your books! You deaf and dumb or somethin'? Stupid Spic."

Yes, Village Hill taught you twice what Lafayette could.

Linda Long

As we walk out in the woods

I become more aware.

I feel life as he feels it.

He makes my life so rich—

Oh, would that I could his!

The air is so sharp,

So nippy—We smell it.

"Taste the clean air, Mommie.

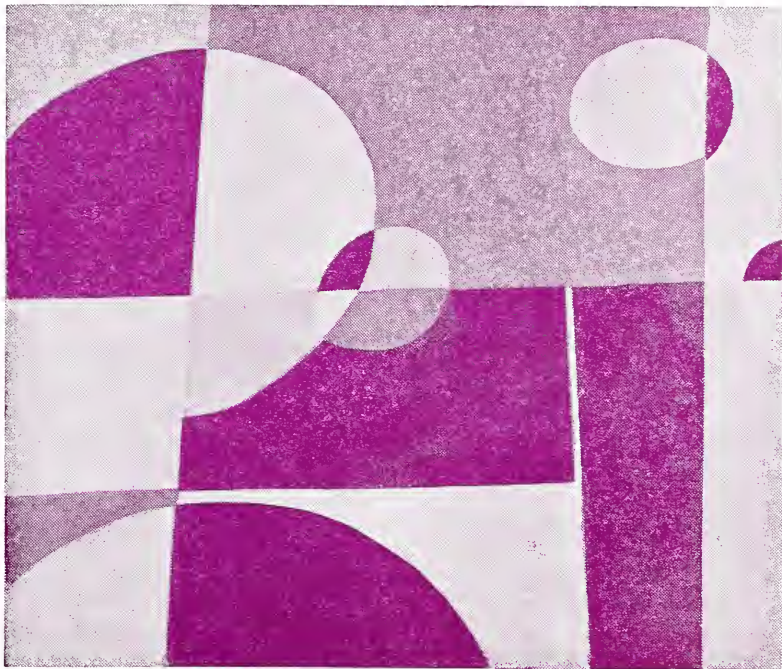
Oooo! It's cold on my tongue.

Listen, Mommie, don't you hear?

It's snowing!"

And so my child perceives.

Glenna Lewis



THE MAN

It has been said that there are three rapid means of communication: "telegraph, telephone, and tell a woman." The first two are established and popular methods of transmitting messages; as for the third, well . . .

One Sunday as girls were returning to campus from weekends spent at home and various other activities, news of a late prediction made by Jeanne Dixon found its way to Longwood. Word had it that Miss Dixon had foreseen that a disguised mass murderer would visit a small women's college in Virginia in the immediate future. Suddenly it seemed that there were no other qualifying schools in the state, and no spot so perfect for the crime as the **here and now**. As for the victim—out of some 1700 students each girl's chances of being **the one** seemed to be at least 1700 to 1.

Hey, y'all, have you heard about Jeanne Dixon's latest prediction?

No!

She said that a man would—

Wait! If it's scary I don't want to hear it! She's always right.

Well then, you leave!

What did she say?

A man's gonna disguise himself and enter a small women's college in Virginia and murder a student!

What? When?

Sometime **this** month!

Are you kidding? Oh, it couldn't be Longwood. There are lots of other small colleges in Virginia. How about Hollins?

Yeah, that's small.

Or Sweetbriar, Stratford, Averette, Westhampton!

Sure. It just couldn't be us. But we are in a small college. And the buildings are open all day. Anyone could just—

Oh, I won't believe it. Jeanne Dixon isn't always right! Besides, she wouldn't have a thing like this published anyway. It could cause a panic!

Gosh, that's right. Let's don't tell anybody else. Can you imagine what would happen if this got around campus?

Well, I'm sleeping with my light on tonight anyway!

Yeah, and with a hammer under my pillow!

And so it went on, in many rooms all over campuses throughout the state. As the rumors spread they grew more intense. Students who generally tore at their hair to get ideas for themes, art projects, and other assignments suddenly developed the most acute and hypersensitive imaginations. Longwood Ladies and their counterparts in other colleges became quite adept in mapping out intricate plans of strategy for meeting the attacker.

If anyone entered a neighbor's room unannounced she was apt to make her presence known at once by causing a row of soft drink bottles and cans, lined up parallel to the door as an alarm, to topple. Cans of hair spray and starch joined with scissors, nail files, forks, and knives in growing bedside arsenals. P.E. majors and sports enthusiasts became more and more popular as neighbors came to borrow hockey sticks, golf clubs and even tennis rackets. One girl returning to her own room from a late date knocked over two drying racks and a trash can which had been set up to ward off intruders.

As the inevitable moment loomed nearer, studies and sleep waned. A few of the most timid tried to barricade their doors with the heaviest objects they could find—their own beds. This plan was not highly successful, however, since the person in the bed lay awake all night watching and waiting for the doorknob to turn. Upperclassmen living in suites considered the possibility of keeping night vigils and

setting up hall patrols, but no one wanted to sit up alone. It was an "all for one and one for all" affair. Whole halls began to live in one room.

Some students resorted to witty tactics in attempts to dissuade THE MAN. Notes appeared on doors to inform him that "No one lives here anymore," "You're in the wrong dorm," "This is a men's college," "Down the hall, two doors on the right," "Have you ever thought of visiting WILLIAM & MARY COLLEGE College?" Although, the said prediction originally specified a mass murderer, many girls had it that he was a one-girl man!

Okay, y'all, let's just calm down. After all, this is a pretty good sized school—larger than some of the other girls' schools anyway. And you know "nighty watch" is always around. We've got nine dorms and all those rooms, what's the reason it should be this room? Or even this dorm?

I guess so. But still this is a pretty isolated room, stuck over here in the back of the dorm. He could run right up here, get us and scoot on out before anybody even knew it!

How about my room? Right by the stairs!

Yeah, and I'm on the ground floor. Convenience!

What are we gonna do? It sounds like each of us lives at the scene of the crime.

Listen y'all. I've got a great idea! If he comes in your room and you can get out, pull the fire alarm as you run down the hall! Wouldn't that be a riot? Can't you just imagine it: here he comes running down the hall, and suddenly forty-five girls come bounding out into the hall with books, towels, coats, scarves, shoes, and pounce right on him!

On the following morning, things had calmed down somewhat. Everyone was still alive! Later that day, it was announced in the dining hall that Miss Dixon had made no such prediction at all. Things then returned to normal at Longwood.

Betty Johnson and Glenna Lewis



He is to me
the sea.
Surging strength
Constant
Endless depths of light
and
darkness.

He is to me
the sun.
Abounding warmth,
Sends forth its rays to those
who need,
Yet, burning to the core
And causing
pain.

He is to me
the sky.
Heaven's promise high beyond.
Blue openness and joy.
Secrets lying 'hind a cloud
Of frothy white
transparency.

He is to me
the sand.
Swirling billows, building castles
Endless realms
Of particles, so perfect, so minute
Yet, each, exemplifying
truth.

He is to me
sustenance.
A nourishment to soul.
He whispers courage in the bleakness
of despair and
Makes me able
to withstand.

Diane Schools

DEFEAT

There she sat, alone, on the starting block. The entire gym was empty, save for her. Her reflection could be seen in the cool, crystal green water of the six-lane pool. Her head hung heavily on her chest. Her long, brown hair, partially bleached by the chlorine in the water, fell uncurled on her wet shoulders. Her eyes had lost their usual sparkle. They were now dull and blank as if the very essence of life had gone from them. They did not look at any particular thing but rather stared unmoving at the ripples that were made by her dripping bathing suit. As she looked up, a tear rolled down her cheek. There was only one, but it was cold and salty and deliberate. No one could know how sad she was. Only she, as she thought back to the minutes before, could feel the pains of defeat. She had lost the race.

Suzanne Turner



HAIKU FOR A WINTER'S DAY

Eiderdown of snow
Enfolds my heart to nestle
My love warm inside.

Charlotte Hooker

Note. Haiku is a Japanese verse form in three lines of five, seven, and five syllables respectively.

WHO'S AFRAID OF THE BIG BAD WULF?

According to most legends, Beowulf went to Hrothgar's kingdom to help the old boy. However, the truth has finally come to the surface!!! Once upon a time, Hrothgar's wife, Queenie, visited Sweden. Beowulf saw her and fell madly in love with her. That is why Wulf and The Pack journeyed to Denmark.

When they arrived, Wulf discovered that Queenie was currently being romanced by a handsome young creature named Grendel who had an equally as pleasing mother named Grendel's Mother. Wulf was extremely jealous of Grendel so he bewitched the honey-suckled (actually she was full of mead) Queenie. This made Queenie reject her amorous young Grendel.

Lovesick Grendel became very distressed over this rejection. Every night when the moon rose above the tree tops he went to try to win back Queenie's love and each time she said, "No!"

After a few years of this, Grendel developed severe emotional problems. Whenever Queenie refused his affection, Grendel would eat a member in the great mead hall.

Meanwhile, Beowulf became extremely upset by Grendel's coarse dinner manners and decided that it was time for

Grendel to adopt proper table etiquette. When he suggested that Grendel read Emily Post and stop slurping blood, the outraged young man lost his head and started to fight Wulf. As luck would have it, Wulf had the advantage. When a child, Wulf had been a full-blooded, heavy-bearded male who found it necessary to begin shaving at the age of five and had enrolled in the Hai Karate self-defense course. After Wulf applied those infallible techniques, poor Grendel lost an arm and ran off into the woods to die.

Wulf, who had never been a success as a big game hunter, stuffed the arm and placed it on the mantle so that everyone could see his marvelous achievement. Queenie was especially proud of him because now there would be no more decrease in the male population.

When Grendel's Mother learned that her son (who was illegitimate) had been killed and that his arm was tacked above the fireplace, she decided she would teach Wulf and The Pack a few lessons in decency. Ma Grendel lured Wulf to a pool and they went together for a midnight swim. She took him to her underwater pad. After a long hot summer, Beowulf and Ma Grendel had a violent argument concerning Grendel's corpse which had been lying in state for the past



two months. Again Wulf applied the Hai Karate method, and he succeeded in killing his latest lover, Ma Grendel. However, before she died, Ma Grendel told Wulf that his father had been her first lover and that Grendel and he (Beowulf) were half-brothers.

When Wulf returned to the great hall, he discovered that Hrothgar had run off with the tavern maid and that Queenie had a new lover, Wiglaf. Fearing that Wulf would cause more trouble, Queenie and Wiglaf decided to dispose of Wulf. So Queenie persuaded Wulf to go kill a dragon for her.

Wiglaf and a helper, Unferth, put on a dragon costume and went out to fight Wulf. Alas! Alas! This time the Hai Karate method did not work. Before Wulf could get close enough, Wiglaf pulled out a flame thrower and roasted Wulf. In order to dispose of the witness, Wiglaf then threw the flame at the posterior of the dragon. Unfortunately Queenie had been in the dragon's tail. So now Wiglaf was all alone in the world. Despondent, he took a powder.

Conclusion: Beowulf was not a Great Dane.

Sharon Bourne and Joan Harrup

VISIONS INSPIRED BY THE RICHMOND SYMPHONY

Swell, music, surge with the waves on the beach,
Snatching at sandpipers that hunt along the water's edge
And skuttle out of reach, afraid to wet their feet.
Thunder mutters in the mountains, rolling from peak
To peak. spurts of wind and rain catch birds
Who flutter for shelter, tossing them
Like scraps of paper, bits of leaves.
The breakers leap toward Heaven; the thunder peaks
As God in his black tux waves a frenzied arm.
At once there is silence. The clouds have broken
Into a thousand vapors to tinge with purple
The crimson-yellow glory of the sunset.
Beside the lapping water's edge I sigh
For the end of such a day.
Swish! I am aloft, soaring above the mountains
Astride the winged stallion Pegasus,
Up to heaven, never to return to sorrow—
Sorrow! The very word hurls me to the beach again
To walk alone among the seaweed.

A shadow falls—What comes? Friend?
Enemy? Descending on me, swirling round—
I sink upon the sand in fear.
A velvet nudge against my neck. . . . a warm snort. . . .
My steed has come to find me.
I wrap my hands in the strands of his creamy mane;
We gallop until we rise with the wind,
My heart as one with his in the love of flight,
At length we spiral downward to my grave;
I slip to earth and kneel beside his magnificence.
It is done, my life, but I have lived it to the fullest,
And would live no more.

Jenny Young

GOD'S CHILD

To him is given eternal springs
Strewn with butterflies and stars;
He knows not chill that autumn brings,
Nor battlegrounds, nor iron bars,
Nor oppression's vine that wraps and clings
And strangles its victims as tyranny rings.

Graced with love from all around,
This boy will never learn the strife
That echoes in each moment's sound,
The voice of what is not his life;
For he the Fates chose to be crowned
With innocence and by trust be bound.

Yes, this small boy with thoughts so mild
Will never grow to be a man—
He'll never know of others wild
From hunger by another's plan.
On this boy God Himself has smiled;
I envy this retarded child.

Cookie Howell

JOHNNY HELPS WITH THE FUNERAL, OR BURYING UNCLE GEORGE

I think it was the phone that woke me that Saturday morning. It must've been about 8:30 'cause I could hear Mom yelling to Dad from the end of the walk to bring home some bridge mix for the party, as his carpool ride hurried from the curb. That's why the phone woke me. It just kept ringing and ringing 'til she got back in the house. On Saturdays I usually sleep through the early kiddie cartoons and wait 'til the really good stuff, like All-American Astro-Artie, comes on before I get out of bed; but by now I was pretty well awake, so I pulled on my pants and went on downstairs.

By the time I got to the kitchen, Mom was just putting the receiver down on the phone. She looked a little shocked, so I asked her what was going on. It seemed that the call had been from Uncle George's lawyer. (Uncle George is Mother's brother from San Francisco. I'd never met him. For some years now, we'd only been reminded of him by his annual printed Christmas greeting.) The lawyer had called to say that Uncle George had been taken away by a heart attack the night before, and that they were shipping him home to be buried. Mom, being his last remaining relative here in Maple Grove, was to be in charge of all "arrangements."

The first thing she did was call Mrs. Martin to explain why she wouldn't be able to have her and Mr. Martin over for bridge as planned. About that time Grandma came into the kitchen, (my father's mother, not Uncle George's). Mom went through the whole thing with her—it took twice as long for Grandma 'cause she's getting pretty old and sometimes has a hard time understanding. Then mom told her to call Cravet & Son's Funeral Home while she went upstairs to get dressed so they'd know she'd be down about 10:00.

I noticed it was taking Grandma a pretty long time to find the number; and when I went to help her she said it was the "dangdest" thing she'd ever seen—there "weren't no"



undertakers listed in the yellow pages. I couldn't find any either. So I ran the book upstairs to Mom, and she promptly located Cravet & Son's under "Funeral Directors."

Since Dad would be at work all day and Mom really didn't want to do all this by herself, Grandma and I were delegated to go along.

When we got downtown, Mom was relieved of her usual problem of hunting a parking space. Cravet's covers half a city block, and a good deal of the lay-out is consumed by a roomy parking lot. All Cravet's cars were parked in one corner—it looked like the used car lot of a dealer who specializes in black sedans and limousines. As we walked to the main entrance I mentioned to Grandma how much Cravet's looked like the picture of Mount Vernon in my History 8 book.

Once inside, the first thing that struck me was this giant fountain just gurgling away. It was in the center of a fancy kind of waiting room. There was piped-in organ music all around, and we didn't have to wait long before a man dressed like an usher and looking a little like All-American Astro-Artie approached us. He was wearing a dark suit and a carnation. With the music and all, I kinda half-way expected to see my Sunday school teacher next. The man shared several words with Mom in a private tone, like the preacher uses

when he tells people to go forth and rededicate their lives, smiled at Grandma and me, and then ushered us all upstairs to Mr. Cravet's office.

Mr. Cravet was a plump old man dressed very similarly to the usher, who I now found out was his son. As he rose to meet us I noticed him slide a copy of **Mortuary Management** into a bulging magazine rack behind his desk. He smiled a little, made us all comfortable, and then expressed his "sincere sympathy" to Mom. He assured her that in her time of grief she could not have come to a better place; that Cravet's was traditionally known among the citizens of Maple Grove for its high-caliber professional service and sincerity; and that Mr. Brown, that was Uncle George, would receive their complete attention and most competent services in a funeral of dignity and refinement.

Grandma asked about picking out a casket, and Mr. Cravet offered to show us the variety of coffins available in his basement display room. As we passed from coffin to coffin, Mom mentioned to Grandma that since she hadn't really done as much for Uncle George as she probably should've over these last fifteen years, she really wanted to do the very best by him now. This was the last chance to make up for her neglect. After that, Mr. Cravet led us over to his deluxe model, solid copper, quality coffin, the Colonial

Classic Beauty. He talked briefly about its seamless top, welded body construction, innerspring "Perfect Posture" bed, and the sixty color choices available for its satin-acetate lining. He assured her that in this coffin Mr. Brown would create a "memory picture" of lasting comfort to all. I figured a memory picture sounded nice, too, since the only picture we'd had of Uncle George was a photo-Christmas card some five years back of him in front of his office building. Mom seemed convinced that this was just the thing for her "final tribute," as Mr. Cravet put it, to Uncle George. Grandma mumbled something about pine, but Mr. Cravet was already asking Mom the time of her loved one's arrival at the train station. Grandma wanted to know if there would be a hearse there to meet him, and Mr. Cravet promised that a coach would be waiting. When Mom said that the train would arrive that afternoon, Mr. Cravet told her that Uncle George would be prepared for viewing by tomorrow morning. He then gave her a choice of the unoccupied reposing rooms and said that she could confidently entrust all the remaining details, from the arrangement of the floral tributes to the order of the final procession, to him. Grandma said something about a shroud, and Mr. Cravet said that he would consult their personal grave-wear couturier for the creation of an "original fashion" for Mr. Brown.

As we were leaving, Mom asked Cravet to recommend a reputable cemetery. The original family site had been full since before I was born, and our own little plot only had space for Mom and Dad and, I guess, me. Grandma had her place over in Hummelstown where she was born, so we needed a nice place for Uncle George. Mr. Cravet gave Mom the card of a Mr. Burrie, memorial counselor at For-everness Lawn Memorial Gardens, Inc.

We got in the car and drove out to the edge of town where Memorial Gardens is located. Passing through a pillared entrance, we followed a pointer to the office. There we were cordially greeted by Mr. Burrie, who was dressed much like the two Cravets and was of an age ranging somewhere between them. He was all prepared for us, with a portfolio of colored photos spread across his desk, and he mentioned that Mr. Cravet had called ahead. Mom said to Grandma how nice it was that Mr. Cravet seemed to think of everything. After looking through Kodacolor reproductions of the various sections with plots available, Mom finally decided on what Mr. Burrie assured her would be an interment place for peaceful slumbering in the Garden of the Apostles. Mr. Burrie explained that the cost of the vault would be figured into the plot cost as a slight additional fee. He then put us in his car to go out and see the chosen loca-

tion. We passed through Babyland and Whispering Pines, took a left at Everlasting Love, traveled through the Orchard of Peace and then wound around to an area close to our starting point which Mr. Burrie identified as the Garden of the Apostles. Mom was a little disturbed that the plot was in such clear view of the office; but I figured that, having been a businessman, Uncle George would probably like it. As Mr. Burrie exhorted the shaded quality of the lovely landscape and the advantages of perpetual care, Mom's doubts seemed to be overcome.

Grandma asked Mom about a tombstone, and then Mr. Burrie suggested that in accordance with the name of the section chosen Mom select a monument for Uncle George in the form of his favorite apostle. He took us back to the office where he produced a catalogue filled with pictures of monuments. After passing by the Venuses, crosses, cherubs, and angels, we came to the section containing the apostles. Mom was unable to remember if Uncle George had had a favorite apostle. There was even some doubt whether he had attended church these past fifteen years, but with the help of Mr. Burrie she managed to pick a "handsome memorial marker" in the form of Saint Paul.

With all the details now attended to, we returned home to find several "floral tributes" already waiting on our porch. Mom remarked to Grandma that Mr. Cravet must've gotten the obituary notice in the afternoon paper. She said it was a real comfort to know that such dependable people were taking care of the whole matter, and I could tell by the look on her face that her conscience was resting at ease with the knowledge that she had done the very best by Uncle George.

Catherine Leary

A creation so tenderly silent,
Enjoying its own mysterious dream.
The lazy yawn-smile was so confident
We Realists grin; then remember and scream.
That peaceful slumber has been lost in time
To a red and brown puddle of senseless mud.
Wise wasteful world you have planted a crime:
His Being has fallen—one single thud.
Is there an answer to torturous life?
Where is the Reason for smiling so long
When all of a Happiness ends in strife?
But we all do insist that hate's not wrong.
 A fetus dreaming in the widow's womb
 We hope will be proud at his father's tomb.

Donna Barnes



WITH DUE RESPECT

Where do I go from here, man?
Where do I go from here?
I've climbed every mountain
and blistered my feet—
I've dreamed the impossible dream
and gotten a parking ticket—
I've looked for Bali Hai
in the back streets of the Harlem ghetto—
I've said **Hello, Young Lovers**
to the queers in Central Park—
I have tried to expatriate
and missed Coca-Colas.
Where do I go from here?
I would like to cut out—
Make free—
 sing songs—
 disappear—
Leaving schedule—map—itinerary
dangling on some fence post.
But I am a coward.

I can see me disappear—
trailing postcards—
With my matched Samsonite
and souvenirs!
I am a capitalist.
I like possessions.
I have a cat.
I have a social conscience.
I have a glass menagerie.
And a family.
I am a man—out of the vast mist of
time past—sprung from stars—
And hurled into—an eggcrate.
Where, with any luck at all,
If I sit still among my turbulence,
I will weather the **Long Days**
Journey Into Night
Without cracking into a million pieces,
Lord bless us!—
Where do I go from here?

Diahn Simonini

PATRONS

Baldwin's, Farmville, Virginia
Carter's Flower Shop
Cedar Brook Restaurant, Rice Road
College Shoppe
Collins Florist
Crute's
Esther May Village Shop
Farmville Herald
Farmville Manufacturing Co., Shopping Center
Grant's Shopping Center
Gray's Rexall
Knit Korner
Leggett's
Longwood Jeweler, Farmville, Virginia
Martin The Jeweler
Moore's Distributing Co.
Newman's
Owen-Sanford, Shopping Center
Sherwin-Williams Co.
Smitty Electric Co.
Stackpole Components Company, P. O. Box M
State Theater

